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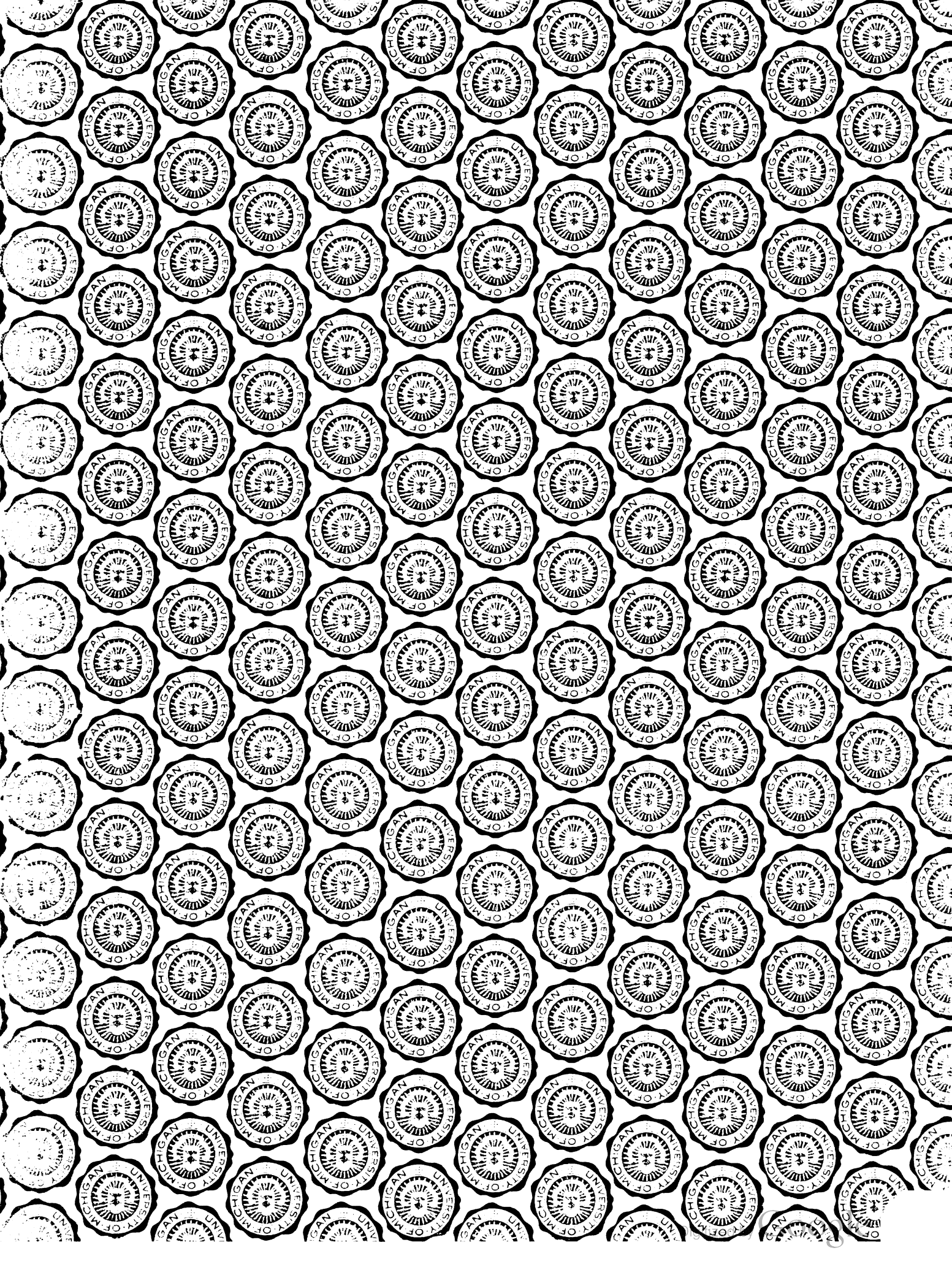

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THE

PLURALIST,

A POEM.

[Price One Shilling.]

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THE PLURALIST,

A

POEM;

OR, THE

POOR CURATE's APPEAL

TO ALL

Reaſonable and well-diſpoſed Chriſtians, whereſoever diſperſed, throughout his MAJESTY's Dominions, or elſewhere.

By PHILOLETHES. pseud.

Præcipe lugubres cantus, Melpomene! HOR.

LONDON:

Sold by J. DODSLEY, Pall-mall; J. ALMON, Piccadilly; M. HINGESTON, Temple-Bar; G. KEARSLY, Ludgate Street; S. CROWDER, Pater-noſter Row; and T. FLETCHER & F. HODSON, in Cambridge.

M.DCC.LXIX.

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THE PLURALIST, A POEM.

INSPIRE, *Melpomene*, my tragic Song;
For unto Thee all mournful Strains belong.
Full well I weet with Grief thou art oppreſt,
Like that which labours in thy Vot'ry's Breaſt:
Yet flag not; but my painful Steps attend,
And guide me ſafely to this Journey's End.
Thine Aid is grateful, while I now relate
The dire Diſorder of th'*Eccleſiac* State.

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With heavy Heart, the *Pluraliſt* I ſing :—
Can there, O Heavens! be ſuch a worthleſs Thing?
Alas! if ſad Experience did not ſhew it,
No Chriſtian Reader cou'd believe the Poet.
'Tis hiſs'd,—fie, fie! from Stateſmen to the Clown,
What common Traffic tarniſhes the Gown.
Your Pardon, Rev'rend Sirs! I mean no Ill;
For I myſelf am Brother of the Quill.
But a Relation ye diſdain tō ſee,
Who is related—in a low Degree.
Yet wou'd I not a *Pluraliſt* commence,
For all your * dear-bought Churches, or your Pence:
For what are Churches in themſelves, abus'd?
Or what are Pence if profligately us'd?

* Dear-bought indeed!—The Practice of *Simony* is ſo very notorious, and ſo execrable in the Sight of God, that truly it is too weighty a Conſideration to be only ridicul'd, or treated with an Air of Gevity. It demands the moſt ſerious Attention of the Biſhops of England. Certainly they ought (in their reſpective Dioceſes) thoroughly to ſearch into, and neglect no Means poſſible of aboliſhing ſo ſhocking a Cuſtom, which has taken ſuch deep Root. Let any Chriſtian read the Oath, in the 40th Canon of our Church, which is ſo frequently and calmly taken upon the bleſſed Book of God, the Bible, by many of our ſmooth-beneficed Clergy, perhaps a few Days after a *ſure Bargain*, and ſay if it does not make the Hair ſtand upright?"——*Perjury!*—Aſtoniſhment!—*O Tempora! O Mores!*——O ye poor Brother-Curates! let us thank Providence for our humble State; and let us pray that we may be enabled faithfully to diſcharge our ſpiritual Duties, howſoever ſmall may be our temporal Gains.—From all ſuch Methods of attaining to Preferment "*Good Lord deliver us!*"

Thoſe

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Thoſe but Aſſemblies for the Vain and Evil,
Theſe pave the Way to † *Chartres*, and the Devil.

A *Pluraliſt* (how awful is the Name!
Ah, dear Profeſſion, ſold to public Shame!)
Will purchaſe good fat Livings out of Hand,
Smoothly as *Varus* will your Houſe or Land.
So graceleſs Jobbers hoard the golden Grain,
And *Pluto*'s pleas'd, while Poverty's in Pain;
Will in their Bargains tell ten thouſand Lies,
Deaf to poor Widows, or to Orphans' Cries.
By ſuch a baſe monopolizing Trade
Of Benefits in ſweet Conjunction laid,
Poor Curates truckle for a Cruſt of Bread,
And dull Religion droops her ſick'ning Head.

† This Gentleman was worth no leſs than the annual Sum of ſeven thouſand Pounds in real Eſtate, and about one hundred thouſand Pounds in ready Caſh. He was notorious for the Practice of every Kind of Vice; *Prodigality* and *Hypocriſy* excepted: And the only Reaſon that can be aſſigned for this Deficiency in the Service of *his Maſter* is this, viz. that his inſatiable *Avarice* exempted him from the one, and his matchleſs *Impudence* from the other.—He died in Scotland in the Year 1731, about 62 Years of Age. The Populace at his Funeral were with Difficulty prevented from tearing the Body out of the Coffin; and caſt dead Dogs, &c. into the Grave along with it. The latter Part of his Epitaph, wrote by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, is excellent.——"O indignant Reader! think not his Life uſeleſs to Mankind! *Providence* connived at his execrable Deſigns; to give to After-ages a conſpicuous Proof and Example of how ſmall Eſtimation is *exorbitant Wealth* in the Sight of *God*, by his beſtowing it on the moſt *unworthy of all mortals*."

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But hark! ſome ſleek Divine, brim-full of Grace,
With his dear taper'd Pipe, and ſcarlet Face,
Lolling in Elbow-Chair, with Eye aſkance,
Will gravely tell you, this is all Romance.
" A worthy *Friend* (ſays he) my Living bought;
" Indeed it coſt not *Me* a ſingle Groat;
" Thank God! my Conſcience is entirely clear;
" An honeſt Heart diſdains all idle Fear."——
But, Sophiſt, what does *indirectly* mean,
That in your Canon knocks down ev'ry Screen?
Drops not this Living from your ſacred Purſe,
Ad Senſum, or for better or for worſe?
Under the Roſe you act this double Part,
Cheat your dull Conſcience, and betray your Heart.
With Mind intrepid thus all Riſques you run,
To make your Fortune, " *certain as a Gun.*"

Hear *Didius* (with conſummate Confidence,
Wiſely haranguing in his own Defence,
Deep in the Mud, as t' other's in the Mire,)
Cry out in Rapture,——" Bleſs my Lord and 'Squire!
" His *Grace*'s Bounty from my Heart I bleſs,
" For the *ſnug Rectory* that I here poſſeſs;

" Con-

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" Condition'd well; I calculate it clear,
" With Surplus-Fees, —— two hundred Pounds a Year:
" Eaſy the Duty, ſweet the Situation!
" Where is there a more eligible Station?
" Beſides the '*Squire* —— (I hope the Lord will bleſs him,
" And all good Chriſtian People ſtill careſs him)
" My other Church did voluntar'ly give;
" For him I'll pray the longeſt Day I live;
" Gratitude bids, that Principle ſo dear,
" Sway'd by the Charms of ſeven Score Pounds a Year:
" I mean, when juſtly each Deduction's made,
" Taxes collected, and my Curate's paid,
" Who reaps full FORTY POUNDS*, —— indeed too much!"
What, Perquiſites and all? " Yes, ſuch and ſuch."
Thus generous Deeds purſue a generous Will,
And faithful Nature will be Nature ſtill:
Strike off ten Pounds†, Good Sir! " With all my Heart! —
" *Satis ſuperſtit* for a Curate's Part.
" This ſmall Subtraction will augment my Store,
" Bear juſt another Glaſs, and *nine Corns more.* ——

* Shaking his Head very pitiably.

† *Strike off Ten Pounds, &c.*] This is affirmed to be a *real Fact*: — " *Tell it not in Gath; publiſh it not in Aſkelon:*" leſt our Enemies, and the Sons of *Belial* rejoice.

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" Nor muſt my darling *Prebend* be forgot,
" Whether you lend a patient Ear or not:
" This comes in ſnugly, and with ſo much Eaſe,
" As any Rector in the World might pleaſe:
" An Hundred neat; without Attendance ſure;
" Almoſt as good as any *Sine-Cure.* ——
" Thus are my Gains identically ſtated,
" And ſweet *Aſtræa* has the Truth related:
" And that I ſtill adhere to *Britiſh* Laws,
" Unerring Conſcience fair Concluſion draws."

Ah, Doctor! is it thus your Arts you fence;
And gravely plead againſt the public Senſe?
To ſpin ſuch Cobwebs you in vain aſſay;
Th' indignant MUSE ſhall ſweep them all away.
Nor think her Satyr out of Time or Place;
She would not ſpare a Monarch —— in Diſgrace.
Tho' blunt her Numbers, who can take Offence,
When true Deſcription's ſubſtitute to Senſe?——
Say then, *Melpomene*, for thou canſt tell,
Does this ſaid ſapient Doctor deign to dwell
On both his Benefices' fruitful ſoil,
And fight the Battle where he claims the Spoil?

" Hum ---

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" Hum — fight the Battle" — What, not once a Year?
" *Unerring Conſcience*, Sir, muſt — *muſt* be clear."
Say, are his Churches within Cannon-diſtance?
" Pray, Sir, excuſe." — O for one ſingle Inſtance
Of Rector, or vain Vicar-Pluraliſt,
Who wou'd not ſooner *take a Round at Whiſt*,
Than creep reluctant to diſcharge his Duty,
Of each Profeſſion both the Strength and Beauty;
Than act in Concord with *canonic* Rules!
Theſe he reſigns to *curatizing Tools*.
For when he'as gain'd the Top of his Preferment,
Et ergo, fit for nothing but Interment,
He'll hire, out of a Corner of his Pelf,
Some *ſhabby Curate*, — if you pleaſe, — Myſelf,
Who all the ſlaviſh Drudgery muſt bear
Of needleſs Preaching, and dull Common-Pray'r §.

§ The Author is here far from inſinuating that preaching the true Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt is unneceſſary, and of no Uſe, — much farther from degrading the excellent Liturgy of the Church of England. The whole Book of Common-Prayer, which is indiſputably (next to the Bible) the moſt truly valuable Compoſition upon Earth, cannot be eſteemed at too high a Rate: — Pity it ſhould ever be abuſed! — This Line then, — " *Of needleſs Preaching, and dull Common-Pray'r*," is *ironically* levelled both againſt thoſe Gentry, who are above performing the Duties, to which they were ſolemnly ordained; and againſt ſuch as (through Prejudice, or Ignorance) prefer a wild, enthuſiaſtic, nonſenſical Rant, to a grave, regular, and unexceptionable Method of ſerving a wiſe and an adorable God.

While

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While Mr. *Eaſy*, betwixt drunk and ſober,
Enjoys his *waxen Tube*, and beſt *October*;
Sweet Fruits! that ripen from another's Pains:
What can you deem them — but *ill-gotten Gains?*
Tell me, were Churches for this Purpoſe founded?
Or ſhould the Goſpel to ſcrape Wealth be founded?
What, did your Lord, or his Diſciples make
A Trade of Preaching for the Lucre's ſake?
Or to proclaim glad Tidings of Salvation
To ſuch as felt an Inclination
To vindicate the Goſpel's wholſome Laws,
And zealouſly aſſert their Maſter's Cauſe?
Who ſaid (I own it, for I ſcorn a Liar)
"*The Labourer is worthy of his Hire*;"
A Doctrine which we Parſons all admire.
But, O ye Reverends of high Degree!
Be once explicit betwixt you and me;
In honeſt Conſcience don't ye judge it meet
That he who *will not labour, ſhould not eat?*
Thus did that heav'nly Man of *Tarſus* write,
Who fought himſelf a meritorious Fight.
And thus, with fervent Zeal for Virtue fir'd,
With hallowed Lips, and honeſt Heart inſpired,

Th

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Th' exulting Bard, th' enraptur'd Genius ſung,
On whoſe *prophetic* Lips ſound Doctrine hung,
That faithful Miniſters, ordain'd to preach,
With Truth unbiaſs'd ſhould their Scholars teach.—
If then your Office ye will not fulfil,
Reſign, I pray, to honeſt Men that will;
Reſign *Pluralities* for heart-felt Eaſe,
Reſign, and let a ſingle Living pleaſe.
Tread ye the Paths which Saints and Prophets trod,
Nor longer traffic with the Word of God:
Learn to deſpiſe low deſpicable Gains,
And ſhun whatever Probity diſdains.
Learn to be honeſt, ſocial, gen'rous, true,
Keeping your Duty ever in your View.
For Want of *this*, thick Clouds obſcure the Sun*,
And Folly ſmiles, while Wiſdom is undone;

* *For Want of this, &c.*] — Intimating that the Light of our Profeſſion, viz. that of the eſtabliſhed Church, (which, in itſelf, is as much ſuperior to all others as even the Sun is to the Clouds) is unhappily obſcured by ſuch growing Numbers of *ignorant Diſſenters*; the Cauſe of which may be aſcribed principally to *Pluraliſm*, and a neglect of Duty amongſt the Clergy. The prevailing Practice, alas! of my Reverend Brethren of a ſuperior Rank bears ample Teſtimony that this Obſervation is founded upon ſolid Truth, and therefore cannot be ſuppoſed to proceed either from the mean Suggeſtions of a frenzical Paſſion, or falſe Prejudice. The plain Matter of Fact is, that our dignified Gownſmen, after

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Eccleſiaſtic Order's all inverted,
And by the Pillars of its Name deſerted.
For want of *this* are Sanctuaries thin,
And Houſes lin'd with Vanity and Sin;
Teachers are hammer'd from the baſeſt Tools,
Whining Diſſenters, *Methodiſts* and *Fools*.
And yet our *Tip-top* Gentry of the Gown
Will ſnarl at all Profeſſions —— but their own.
Probatum eſt, they've ſpecial Cauſe to boaſt on't,
For they and *Mammon* wiſely make the moſt on't.
How often o'er the ſparkling Glaſs they ſtickle
To level *Mountain-Preaching*, *Conventicle*,
With *Meetings*, *d—d Hypocriſies*, and *Nonſence*,
That gain *Advowſon* of the fickle Conſcience.
Not dreaming ſuch infectious Plagues commence
From their own AVARICE, PRIDE, or INDOLENCE.
Theſe are the Rocks, may hapleſs ALBION quit!
On which Religion, Virtue, *Gownſmen* ſplit.

ter having ſcrewed themſelves into good Preferment, either by dint of Money, or blind Favour, are in general very indolent; many of them fonder of the *Bottle* than the *Book*; others, who actually look upon it as derogatory to their Honour to perform that very Duty, in which they have ſo ſolemnly engaged themſelves; and very few who allow their Curates a reaſonable Competency for a regular and conſtant Attendance in a ſingle Church and Pariſh, without making it ſcandalouſly tenable with another.

Behold

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Behold *Avarus!* whoſe exalted Senſe
Of fancied Pleaſure gingles in his Pence.
Behold him gaping after golden Views!
Mark how he hunts, and reaches, plods, and ſcrews!
Thro' faithful Frendſhip to his darling Pelf,
An arrant Cheat to others — and himſelf.
Where baneful Av'rice haunts the reſtleſs Soul,
Self-love, nor ſocial, can its Force controul.
Vile Weed! where'er it ſtrikes its pois'nous Root,
It chokes the budding of the faireſt Fruit:
But when 'tis planted in the *Parſon*'s Plan,
Preſent a Scene that's blacker if you can.
This yellow Slave, bewitching, ſenſeleſs Clod,
Uſurps the Name and Dignity of God.
What! *Flamen*, bend the idolizing Knee?
O Height of Madneſs, foul Impiety!
Diſtinguiſh'd only by a Thread-bare Coat,
He'd kiſs your Slipper for a ſingle Groat.
To raiſe the Maſs his conſtant Care employs;
But graſps the Shadow that he ne'er enjoys:
Hoards up his *raſcal Hundreds* by the Year,
Yet creeps on ſlowly in his own dull Sphere. —
" What, does he ne'er unfold the ſumptuous Board,
" To entertain the 'Squire, or hail my Lord?"

To

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To cram the Great is but ſuperfluous Coſt,
And all thus ſpent, magnificently loſt.
He hates all ſumptuous Meals; the Reaſon's found,
A ſumptuous Meal would riſe — to fifty Pound.
Ideal Horror thus enſlaves the Mind,
By Fancy painted, not by Heav'n deſign'd.
" But ſay, has pale-fac'd Poverty no Part?" —
It never found the Paſſage to his Heart.
What human Being of refined Senſe,
Would claim the Merit due to Providence?
To help the Needy's *Her* peculiar Care;
Avarus cries; " They're welcome — to a Pray'r."
Lo! the poor Cripple ſhuns his bolted Gate;
The rueful Object of his conſtant Hate;
On whom he ſcornful caſts a ſide-long Eye,
And, with his Brother Levite*, " *paſſes by.*" —
His hard-drove Tenants whiſper round the Hall,
" The Pitcher's broken, and the Beer's too ſmall."
One ſcrapes, with —" Pray, Sir" — What's the Matter now?
" I've loſt poor *Dobbin*, and my beſt milch'd Cow:

* Alluding to the Parable, in which is introduced a Prieſt and a Levite, mentioned in the 10th Chap. of St. Luke.

" Misfortune

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" Misfortunes haraſs, and Proviſions dear;
" For God's ſake low'r my Rent another Year."
Juſt as a ſecond pleads for Houſe-Repair,
He burſts aloud, " *You'd make a P——n ſwear*;
" Leave me, begone; out, out! I'll hear no more:"
Thus he gets rid, and ſtorming claps the Door. ——
" Pray, ſtands his Curate in no better Grace?"
He hires him cheap, and never ſees his Face †.
One Flock he feeds; *Avarus* graſps the Fleece,
Who clips another bleating for Releaſe:
Both richly clad; —— " and both *Avarus'* Right?" ——
In ſpite of Law; in feeble Conſcience' Spite. ——

† *He hires him cheap, &c.*] — How greatly is it to be wiſhed that there were not ſo many inſtances to verify the Satyr of this Line! —— After a lucky Rector (a mere Vaſſal in all Probability to ſome great Man) has poſſeſſed himſelf of a ſecond Benefice, his next Step is to barter it with ſome eaſy Curate, for as *cheap* a Bargain as he can poſſibly make; points out to him his Place of Reſidence, and perhaps never troubles his Head either with *Curate* or *Pariſhioners* for 7 Years after; (which by the bye is acting in direct Oppoſition to the 41ſt Canon) taking eſpecial Care however to have due *Remittances* made twice a Year. After this (to procure an Abatement) he takes the firſt Opportunity to collogue with a Brother Pluraliſt, the Poſſeſſor of any adjacent Living, in Order to unite the Duty of both Pariſhes. Poor Mr. *Trudgit*, (*viz.* the Curate) compelled by real Neceſſity, ſwallows the poiſonous Bait: And thus two Flocks (as is frequent in Contracts of ſimilar Nature, *ſi magnâ parvis componere licet*,) are committed to the Care of a ſingle Shepherd, and he an *Hireling:* the fatal Conſequence of which is, a *general Rot* among the Sheep: many of which run aſtray on *fruitleſs and barren Heaths*, and Numbers periſh. —— What can we reaſonably expect but *Hereſy and Schiſm?*

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" What Diſtance?"—— Piſh! that's neither here nor there;
In *Cornwall* this; the other —— *Lord knows where.*
Who digs for *Treaſure* plays the nobleſt Part;
Here lies the Loadſtone that attracts the Heart.
Curate, Diſciples, Tenants, Rich, and Poor,
Weigh light as Chaff againſt the Banks of *Ore.*
So ſtrongly does the Pow'r of Wealth controul,
He'll ſave a *Shilling*, if he ſaves no *Soul.* ——
Thus lives this deep Divine; thus hopes to die;
And ſqueeze to Heaven, " *thro' a Needle's Eye.*"

See ſpruce *Nugoſo*, that pedantic Beau!
All Flaſh and Folly, Butterfly and ſhew!
That wanton flutters in St. *James*'s Air,
And ſpreads his Plumes to make the Vulgar ſtare:
Whoſe ſignal Honour ſtamps the faireſt Mark,
At Play-Houſe, Op'ra, Ball, or in the Park.
" Why there?" —— There he diſplays ſuch pretty Things,
As ſound the Praiſe of Prieſts, Lords, Dukes, or K--gs;
" What, what are theſe?"——*Lawns*, *Silks*, *Prunellos*, *Rings.*
Theſe grace fair Virtue in her loftieſt State,
Or Virtue mimic in the graceleſs Pate.

What

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What Nature to *Nugoſo* has denied,
Fortune and theſe have bounteouſly ſupplied.
For, working Wonders at the Soul's Expence,
They fill the mighty Void of Worth and Senſe.
Full fluſh'd with theſe, his Gates wide open ſtand
To welcome Viſitants, a famous Band
Of Fops and Fribbles,—Lord knows who beſide,
Toſs'd up in all the Emptineſs of Pride.
With well-taught Steps they ſcrape the Marble Floor;
Rich in Politeneſs, tho' in Learning poor.
Not ungenteelly train'd in mopiſh Books,
But ſkill'd in Airs, Congees, and ſimpering Looks.
Compliments paſs'd ("pray, Gentlemen, ſit down,
"I'm proud to ſee you,—*Jack!* here take my Gown;
"I hope all's well at Home; and what's the News?"
With ſuch like Stuff, as babbling Blockheads uſe)
The Clock ſtrikes Three; quick ſwells the laviſh Board
With all that Æther, Earth, or Sea afford;
And (ſtrange to tell!) with well-diſſembled Face
The mantling Coxcomb liſps *unmeaning Grace.*
From Diſh to Diſh his ſparkling Eye-balls roll,
And all the *Harpy* riſes in his Soul.
Slice after Slice he cuts with eager Guſt,
Nor dreams of *Irus* with his hungry Cruſt.

Each

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Each dainty Courſe the dapper Waiters bring,
From Soup to Cuſtard, and —" *Here's Church and King.*"
See the glad Board with circling Glaſſes crown'd,
The ſparkling Bottle, and the Bowl profound!
Toaſt Toaſt ſucceeds (a bleſt, but ſhort-liv'd Reign!)
Till all the Body dances in the Brain.
Stories and Jeſts alternate kill the Time,
And *Z—ds*, to grace them, is allowed no Crime.
Loud Peals of Laughter fill the ecchoing Hall,
While Streams of Nonſenſe trickle from them all. ——
So idly paſs the wheeling Hours away,
Till Night is vanquiſh'd by the Dawn of Day.
Now fair *Aurora* paints the Eaſt with Red,
And *Somnus* ſooths them on the gilded Bed.
Yet wakeful Fancy plays the mimic Part,
And pleaſing Viſions dance about the Heart;
Each frantic Scene of Pleaſure, Pride, and Whim,
Smiles in the Face, and ſhoots thro' ev'ry Limb.
Till *Sol* darts vertical his fervid Ray,
And warns *Nugoſo*, in the Dumps, — to pray.
The doleful Bell § now ſtrikes his heavy Ear,
More diſmal far than *Mars'* loud Trump to hear.

§ The Church-Bell.

O how

O how unlike that pleaſing ſilver Sound,
That calls the Pudding, and makes *Jack* ſkip round!
"Tell *Trudgit* ‡ not to wait," *Nugoſo* cries;
"I'm deeply pre-engag'd;" —— and rubs his Eyes. ——
There let him rub, till Time metes out that Span
Of Life, that's uſeleſs both to GOD and Man.

Riſe, riſe, ye various Sects of ev'ry Nation!
And ſtem Religion's rapid Devaſtation.
Riſe, Preſbyterian, Papiſt, Quaker, Whig, or Tory,
And level ev'ry *Pluraliſt* before ye.
Muſt Virtue ſtill be barter'd out o'Doors,
And laugh'd at by a Pack o'R-g--s and Wh--es?
Shall bloated Rectors ſit in ſplendid Eaſe,
And idly eat and drink —— juſt what they pleaſe,
While ſtarveling Curates, who take all the Pains,
Can hardly ſqueeze out neceſſary Gains,
To keep their Bodies and their Souls together,
Or ſcreen their furrow'd Sides from Wind and Weather? ——
I burn, I grieve; but, paint I e'er ſo ſtrong,
The flagrant Vice is blacker than my Song.

‡ His Curate.

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Nor is my Satire to itſelf confin'd,
But burns as Man ſhou'd burn for all Mankind*.
When poor Religion ſuch a Wound endures,
The Wound is mine, ye Prieſts! and ſhou'd be yours.

Let not the Critic cry, " 'Tis rankling Spite,
" That taught your Pen envenom'd thus to write."
'Tis not th' Effect of diſappointed Pride,
No Darts are ſhot from Paſſion miſapplied:
Nor Envy barks, that ſelf-corroding Foe;
For who wou'd envy *Lucifer* below?
But arm'd in Virtue's Cauſe, I point the Pen,
To brand the Front of ſacrilegious Men:
Who learn to wear (moſt villainouſly nice!)
A Face all Virtue, with a Heart all Vice. —
Cou'd I but laſh with Juſtice *Mammon*'s Slave,
And ſcour the gilded Varniſh off a Knave;
Adorn the Wings of the *laborious Bee*,
Excite the lazy *Drone* to Induſtry;
Expoſe the Villainy the Fool wou'd hide,
And ſtrip the Fopling of his painted Pride;

* Homo ſum: humani nihil a me alienum puto. TER.

Make

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Make Vice, abaſh'd, to Virtue prove a Friend;
The gigling World may cenſure or commend,
From *Tom* the Cobler, to the Biſhop's *See*,
'Tis juſt the ſame to Satire, and to Me.
Truth is my Guardian, decorates my Line,
And makes the melancholy Muſe divine.

O GEORGE! Thou Ruler of the *Britiſh* Iſle,
Around whoſe Throne both Peace and Glory ſmile;
Thou fam'd for Wiſdom, as for Greatneſs fam'd,
And Virtue; (which is Greatneſs truly nam'd)
Thou in whoſe ev'ry Action bear'ſt a Part
RELIGION, which exalts thy princely Heart;
Reſtrain her growing Ruin's ſwift Career,
And nobly fix her in her native Sphere;
With godlike Rage her Enemies controul,
And prop that Glory, that inſpires thy Soul.
Let not a Maid ſo pure, by lawleſs Arms,
Be baſely raviſh'd of ſuch heav'nly Charms;
A tender Lamb of thy own ſacred Fold,
Let not like common Merchandiſe be ſold:

But

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But blaſt thoſe ſavage Butchers, that wou'd ſpill
Her precious Blood, —— and ſwear they do no Ill †;
Strike trembling Terror thro' each guilty Breaſt,
Suppreſs the worthleſs Proud, and raiſe th' oppreſs'd;
Curb glitt'ring Vice, exalt the humble Bard,
And meek-ey'd Merit crown with its Reward. ——
So ſhalt thou flouriſh, "*of the Faith Defender,*"
In ſpite of Virtue's Traitors, or *Pretender*:
And when thy Body here diſſolved lies,
Thy Soul triumphant ſhall aſcend the Skies:
With freſheſt Laurels thou ſhalt there be crown'd,
Where Joys immortal and unmix'd abound;
While here ſucceeding Ages bleſs thy Name,
Inſcrib'd with Honour in the Rolls of Fame.

† Referring to the *Simonical* Oath.

FINIS.

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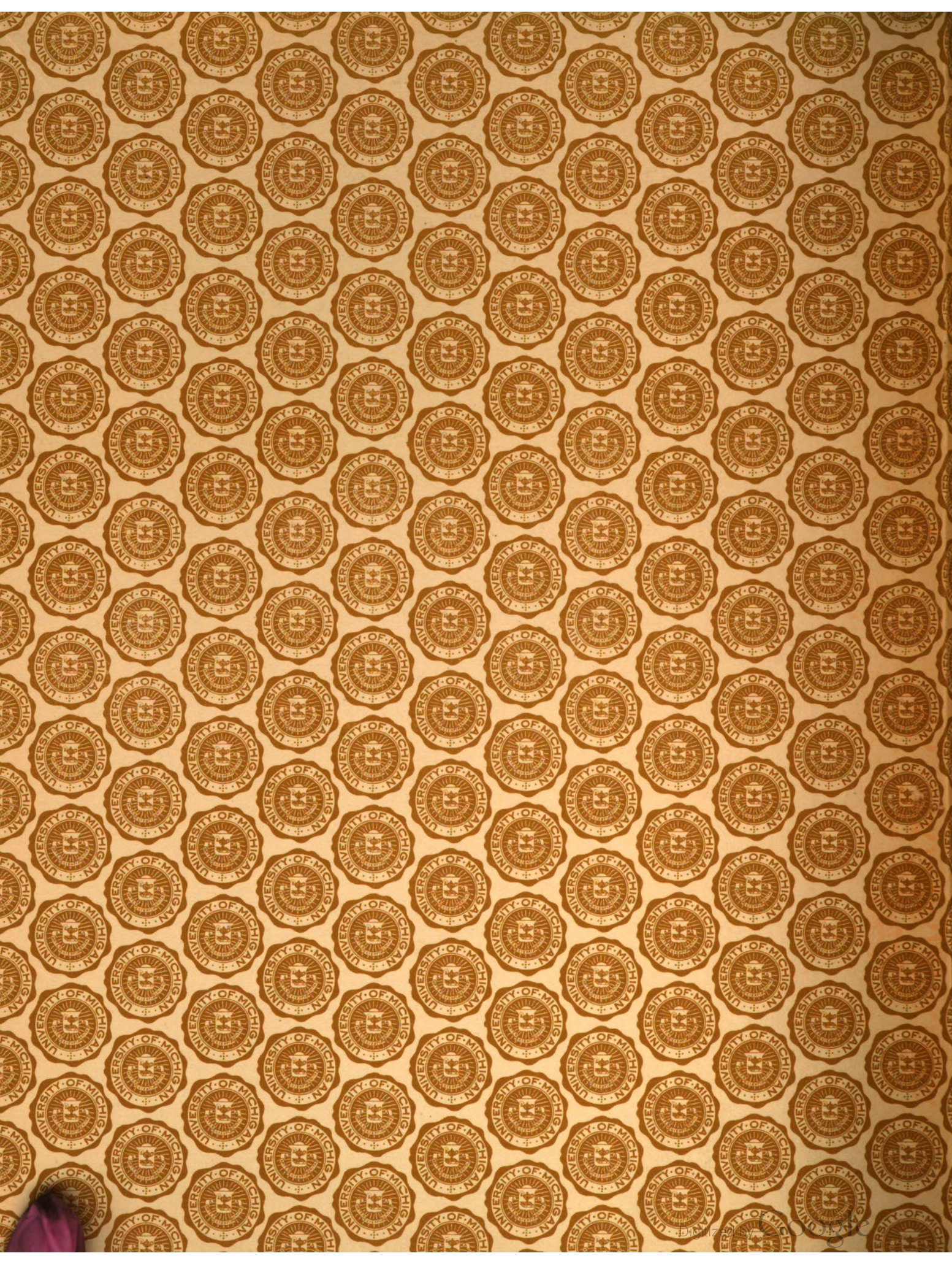
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